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The Christian Ambassador.

Wm. S. Balch, Otis A. Skinner, and S. C. Bulkeley, Editors.

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Original.

LESSONS OF THE SPRING-TIME.

BY REV. T. B. THAYER.

"The flowers appear on the earth. The time of the singing of birds is come. And the voice of the turtle is heard in our land. The fig tree putteth forth her green figs. And the vines with the tender grape give a good smell."—*Song of Solomon.*

This descriptive statement of the poet is realized unto us. The Spring-time, the pleasantest season of the year—the seed time, the season of all others, most illustrative of the great doctrine of Faith—the time of singing birds and opening flowers, is about us, with its pictures of beauty and lessons of love. The tokens of its presence meet us in our paths. The grass clothes the fields in their livery of green, The valleys and the hill-sides smile upon us with the freshness of young life. The magnolia puts on its royal robes, and all the trees of the forest hasten to array themselves in festal garments. And even the exiles of our streets, and the prisoners of our gardens, rejoice in the return of the carnival season, and begin to adorn themselves with leaves and blossoms for the festival time. And the grape vine putteth forth its swelling buds and opening leaves, and gives a good smell.

And from the warm nooks and sheltered spots in the garden plats, the flowering almond, the tulip, the snow-drop, and pansy, show their sweet faces, and give welcome to the pleasant Spring-time. And in the meadows and by the forest borders we meet the primrose, the violet and the cowslip; and from the parlor windows the gorgeous cactus and the queenly lily of Egypt, look out upon us with a pride of manner that seems almost to say, "Come, see how beautiful we are."

And as we traverse the busy streets of the city, we note the bird cages are hung out from the windows, that the little prisoners may rejoice in the warmth of the sun, climbing daily higher into the heavens, and in the freshness of the breeze that wanders with a welcome through the wires of their narrow prison. And amid the roar of carts and carriages, the grateful little creatures sing on their song of delight, their throats swelling with rapture, till it would seem almost as if they would dissolve in an ecstacy of bliss, and pass off in the bewildering melody of their own inimitable notes. And going forth into the fields, the piping voices and the glad songs of the first spring birds, greet us from all sides; and they seem to speak to us in their music, and say, "Here we are again,—we have come with the flowers and the balmy air, and the murmur of the running brooks—here we are, happy as ever—wait and hear us sing."

These are the witnesses that the beautiful passage with which we began is fulfilled unto us; and in the presence of them we are ready to say, "The earth is full of the goodness of the Lord." And the fowls of the air, and the humblest flowers, and the cedars of Lebanon, and the cattle upon a thousand hills, all join in the acknowledgment of the beneficence of Him who openeth his hand, and satisfieth the desires of every living thing—of Him who gave ancient promise that so long as the earth endures, seed-time and harvest, summer and winter shall continue.

And why should man alone be silent? Why should his voice alone be absent from this grand chorus of praise and acknowledgment? Why should he feel that the most lovely season of the year, rejoicing in singing birds, and opening flowers, and fragrant breezes, is only good because it increases his business, fills the streets with drays and packages of merchandise, crowds his store with customers and multiplies his profits? And yet it is mostly so. The spiritual is swallowed up in the material. The Spring with its manifold beauties, its sweet associations, its messages of love and goodness, and its glorious types of a resurrection into a diviner life, is welcomed mostly by multitudes solely because it brings a brisk trade, fills the pages of the ledger, and enlarges the deposite account at the bank. The season so full of God, so eloquent with teachings of his wisdom, and benevolence and faithfulness; which ought to lift their thoughts and affections heavenward, and quicken within their souls a new life, as in nature; serves only to enchain more entirely to the earth, to earthly pursuits and desires. And instead of leading them out into the presence of the splendor with which all creation is clothed, it calls them to look at the glitter of new-coined gold; and in place of the divine music of the spheres, of the forests and the streams, to rejoice in the ring of the dollar, and the dead chink of bags of specie.

This is not well—is not the best thing for us. This is not the spirit in which we should read the lessons of this birth festival of the year. This is not the way in which we should dispose of its teachings of truth and goodness, its inspirations of hope and faith. Business in its place, but not all business. The body is to be cared for—its wants to be provided for; but the soul also is something, and *its* wants are not to be neglected, or its development always to be made secondary to dividends and profits. And God is something also; and the glory and beneficence of his works; and, if I may so speak it, the pains he takes to please us in the getting up of the magnificent panorama of nature, and the consequent just demands which he makes on our attention, our gratitude and love—these are not to be put aside, and mammon-worship set up in the place of them—or the love of fine houses, fine furniture and fine apparel. And if we do this, however it may be with us while the excitement of trade and the whirl of fashion last, it is certain as the law of God, we shall not be so happy in the end. Our spiritual nature will at last rise up in rebellion against the wrong done it, and demand redress or judgment.

Let me intreat you, my friends, not to be guilty of this sin—a sin which is an offence alike against the paternal goodness of God, and against the dignity, the peace and best interests of your own souls. Let the just claims of business be regarded; but do not bring all your offerings to the hard cold shrine of trade. They will purchase no blessings for you. Do not suffer all the beautiful days of this beautiful portion of the year to be given to the materialistic calls of life. Feel that you are spiritual also; and that there are delicate sensibilities within you, generous impulses, noble faculties of mind, and a sympathy with nature and all lovely and glorious things, that ask only for freedom and room for action, to lift you up into a life divine and blissful as that of angels. Have regard for these spiritual powers, this inner life. Give thought to them. Act for them, whenever and wherev-

er opportunity offers; and the plane of your present being will be more and more elevated, till, glancing along it, you may look in at the very gates of heaven!

Let me invite you to seize on the present glad and instructive season, as a fit time for proving to yourselves the truth of my speech to you. Let me invite you to come out at times from the dust and roar of the city street, from the din of the workshop and the warehouse, from the keen encounter of traffic, of buying and selling, and the all-absorbing and mournful thirst for gain—come out from these into the quiet and seclusion of the green fields, and the grand and solemn forests and groves. Look into the sweet face of Nature—shake yourselves from the dust, and sit down and hold pleasant converse with her. She will not let you go without a blessing. Listen to the delicious strains of the birds; a thousand different notes passing and repassing, meeting and blending from all sides, yet all in chord, and melting sometimes into most ravishing melody. Oh, how much more divine than the strange noises of the market and the street, or the jangling of human voices in the sharp angry conflict of bargain, striving who shall have the best of it. Come out into the valleys, and on the hill-sides, and gather the flowers, and drink from the running brook or the bubbling spring—or look out upon the glorious landscape that stretches before you or beneath your feet. Drink in the fragrant, bracing, life-imparting air, and feel your whole being freshened, and strengthened, and almost purified therewith. I say again, let me invite you to this; and you will feel how much better it is, than the life you are living now—a life of incessant devotion to business and toil. O get forth in this way, sometimes, into the bright places of the earth, with the smiling skies above you, the verdant sod under your feet, and the beauty and splendor of the creation all around you; and you will feel that a new life is unfolding within you, that the distance between God and you is more than half overcome; and lessening with every new interview with Nature, with eve ery new offering on the altar of the spiritual.

And there is another thought kindred to this, which I would impress on you: and which, if heeded, will help forward the good work to which I have called your attention. The natural world is quickening into new life. There is a resurrection of all beautiful things to activity and enjoyment. The long slumber of the winter is broken; and the vegetable and animal creation have awakened to the glad welcome of the Spring. The tender grass and the flowers smile upon us from the earth, and buds and blossoms from the trees. The lowing of the herds comes up from the valleys, and the bleating of the flocks from the hill-sides. The streams go dancing and singing like happy children, through the meadows; and the feathered songsters, as if jealous of their music-murmur, pipe up anew their merry notes. Every thing is waking up to lively action—every thing is taking its part in the fresh, new life of this brightest and most delightful of the seasons. Each in its way and place is doing what it can to praise and honor God, and make the earth beautiful and glad.

And why should not we, my friends, quicken our exertion in regard to our most precious faith; which religiously does more than all else to honor God, glorify his love, and extend his praise—more than all else to beautify the face of the earth, and gladden and sanctify the hearts of his children? Shall not the renewed activity and stirring life of this ever-welcome season, call forth our energies, and arouse us to renewed exertion in the cause of divine truth and human happiness? O let us improve the lessons of this Spring-time, and show our gratitude to God and the Redeemer, by greater fidelity and zeal, by greater faith and devotion. Let us show that the life is not departed from our souls; that there is a resurrection for us also; that we are yet in harmony with all nature about us, and sympathise with it in throwing off the death slumber and the grave garments, and rising up into the labor and enjoyments of a new and larger existence.

Let us not, brethren, be behind in the upward march. Let us not be the sole sleepers, when all else is waking; all else in the vegetable and animal, in the political and civil, the religious and spiritual worlds. Let us arise with the wakers, and stand upon our feet. Let us clothe ourselves in new and beautiful garments, and go forth, that we may take our place in the great procession that is moving forward to higher and better life. Let us not fall in the rear of this noble array: that we may be in at the glorious festival of good, to which all this activity and life, and progress, are steadily pressing on. The Spring-time is come. The whole earth is waking to life. The church, with its creeds; the people, with their charters and constitutions, are out in the world-fields, scattering the seed, of such sort as they have to scatter. We must not be idle; for if we sow not, neither can we reap. If the Spring is suffered to pass without labor, the harvest season will bring no fruit for us or ours. Let us then, as all others are doing, be faithful to the lessons and opportunities of this season. "In the morning sow thy seed, and in the evening withhold not thy hand"—and if sown on good soil it will spring up, and bring forth, some thirty, some sixty, and some an hundred fold. "And they who go forth weeping, bearing precious seed, shall come again with rejoicing, bearing their sheaves with them."

Original.

COMMENTARY ON THE APOCALYPSE.

BY REV. T. J. GREENWOOD.

Messrs. Editors:—

Will you permit me to express the gratification I feel, that our denomination is at length furnished with a Commentary on the Revelation of St. John, which is calculated to commend itself to the judgment of mankind, as an intelligent exposition of the teachings of that book, which, though ranged in the sacred canon, has been regarded by many, and even by most commentators, as an inexplicable mystery.

Br. Whittemore has, in my judgment, done an eminent service to the public, and to the cause of Christianity especially, by the admirable manner in which he has acquitted himself of the task, self-assigned, of writing a commentary on that book. And, without undertaking to say that he has made perfectly transparent all the imagery with which the book abounds, or that, in every case, he has developed the authors meaning beyond the possibility of a doubt, yet we feel very confident that whoever will examine the work with candor, will confess that he has entirely succeeded in showing that it is susceptible of an interpretation that will show its harmony in teaching, with the other books of the Bible, and make its perusal at once pleasant and profitable to the student.

I am satisfied that the principles of interposition which the author has adopted in its exposition, are correct; and also, that he is correct in the ground taken in his preliminary dissertation, that the book was written *before the overthrow of the Jewish state.* Such has been my views for many years, from the—to my mind conclusive—internal evidence which the book furnishes, as well as from other proofs, many of which the author notices.

The publisher of this volume, Br. J. M. Usher, is deserving of high commendation for the elegant and substantial manner in which he has brought out the work, and also for his untiring zeal in the cause of Sabbath Schools, and the prosperity of our Zion generally. But I cannot close without the remark, that the Universalist denomination may felicitate itself in having supplied, that which has long been regarded as a *desideratum, a Commentary on the New Testament.*

Br. Lucius R. Page having already given us three volmes, above all price, and when he shall have finished is commentary on the Epistles, the work will be comlete. But this is but the "beginning of the end." The vork so long desired, will be *studied*. And if our brethen are faithful to our holy cause—as who doubts that hey will be—the clearness and simplicity of the interpretation of Scripture given in these books, will not only be of benefit to Universalist families, but thousands n all coming time, whose fears have been excited by the *mystery* of *iniquity*, which they have been taught was hidden under certain figures of speech, in the sacred book, will come to the light, and rejoice in the blessed truth that the great doctrine of the future life which the Bible reveals, is, in all its aspects and bearings, in perfect harmony with the character of God as a Father—and that the message of Jesus to earth, was rendered a message of "great joy which shall be unto all people."

New London, April, 1848.

GENTLE WORDS.

BY C. D. STUART.

A young rose in the summer time,
Is beautiful to me,
And glorious the many stars
That glimmer on the sea;
But gentle words and loving hearts,
And hands to clasp my own,
Are better than the brightest flowers
Or stars that ever shone!

The sun may warm the grass to life,
The dew the drooping flower,
And eyes grow bright that watch the light
Of autumn's opening hour—
But words that breathe of tenderness,
And smiles we know are true,
Are warmer than the summer time,
Are brighter than the dew.

It is not much the world can give,
With all its subtle art,
And gold or gems are not the things
To satisfy the heart;
But oh! if those who cluster round
The altar and the hearth,
Have gentle words and loving smiles,
How beautiful is earth!

Original.

LIVING WATERS,

Being the substance of a SERMON, delivered in Geneva, N. Y.

BY REV. E. CASE, JR.

"Ho every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters; and he that hath no money, come ye buy and eat; yea, come buy wine and milk without money and without price. Wherefore do ye spend money for that which is not bread, and your labor for that which satisfies not. Hearken diligently unto me and eat ye that which is good and let your soul delight itself in future Incline your ear and come unto me; hear and your soul shall live."—Isaiah 55: 1, 2, 3.

The text appeals to those who are not Infidels or Atheists in the usual sense of those terms. It speaks to you who acknowledgedly believe the Christian religion is true, though you do not, from innumerable causes, follow its precepts, nor practise its morality. The truths of it you are not disposed to controvert. You look around you and see a father, a mother, a brother, a sister, for whom you cherish the deepest regard, drawing comforts and consolations from the Gospel, of which, whether you esteem those comforts and consolations chimerical or not, it would be the last wish of your heart to deprive them You have seen this gospel shedding its sweet and holy influences around the family altar and hearthstone; you have heard the awe-inspiring and reverent voice of a father, or the tender and touching, and melting one of a mother or a sister, as they bowed to heaven, asking blessings and returning thanks; your own soul has been touched and deeply impressed at such times, and you have felt that it is a good and happy thing to be a Christian. And whatever your real sentiments may be, you would feel ashamed to let that father, or mother, or sister, know that you entertained even a shadow of disrespect for a system of faith from which they seemed to derive so much comfort.

Now, it is to such that my text particularly addresses itself. You feel deeply conscious at times that you need a comforter. You look round you in the mingling and discordant elements of life, and all seems to be disorder and confusion. Whatever may be your occupation, however prosperous and promising your life's general tenor, yet you cannot but feel, at times, as morning, noon, and night return upon you, bringing with them the same monotonous round of toils and amusements, that life is not such as you wish it to be; that it does not bring to you those lasting and solid satisfactions of soul, you would desire to remain. And you sit down in very cheerlessness of heart, and ask yourself, what does all this everlasting round of vanities and shadows, of emptiness and nothingness mean? What a fool is that man who attempts to stay his soul upon such things as these! What a fool to expect to wrest pleasure or consolation from those objects and things that have written upon their very frontlet, "Perishing." I want something more stable, something that has more of true life, and hope and heaven in it, than sunshine and shadows, calm and storm, hope and despondency.

But the Gospel addresses you, and says to you, why do you murmur and complain. The stream of life is bathing your very feet with its wavelets, and you will not so much as stoop and drink. Here is the cordial that will revive your drooping spirits, and improve your mental vision. Here is the fountain that gushes from the rock of ages. Here is the Pool of Bethesda, and the Angel of God waiting; here is the river of water, clear as crystal, proceeding out from the throne of God and the Lamb. Ho, every one that thirsteth! come ye to the waters; and he that hath no money—come buy milk and wine, without money and without price. The Spirit and the Bride say come! let him that is athirst come; and whosoever will, let him come and take of the waters of life freely! Come and drink and your soul shall live.

But again, the Gospel appeals to you, not only as passively acknowledging it true, but it appeals to your reason and intelligence as a rational and thinking being. As such it demands something more than mere assent or superficial investigation.

Reason is always on the side of Religion and of God. It is a divine emanation of his own essential and eternal mind, and designed to be the governing and the gaining principle of man's living soul. Reason is always on the side of God, because on the side of right; and God is right. It makes no odds how many fiery passions beset man's soul and plead with all the eloquence of a syren to draw him aside from purity and holiness, reason always and eternally condemns the wrong; and while a single sentinel is left at his post, or a single voice can be heard above the clamor and din of passion, battles nobly and valiantly for the cause of humanity, of right, and of God.

Reason is never found on the side of skepticism.—There is not a star that burns and glows in the deep embraces of ether; a comet that recedes and returns into the far reaching and immeasurable depths of space; not an insects gilded wing; not a leaf that flutters in the summer breeze, nor a flower that opens its gaudy petals to the day-God's beam, but everlastingly and eternally rebukes the scoffer and the scorner. Their most subtle sophistry cannot wrench from all the wide arcana of nature a drop of water, a grain of sand, a mote or an animalculæ, that will lend beauty, foundation, or strength, to adorn or support the scheme of the Infidel or the

Atheist. They cannot conjure from their benighted and wandering souls, a single argument, or a single thought that will justify the neglect of God, or the abandonment of Christianity; or drive from the soul the irrepressible conviction, that there is externally from us, a higher and self-existing Being, becoming the essential attributes of eternity, and self-existencies of his own nature; the author of every good and perfect gift, without variableness or shadow of turning; and to whom every creature must bow the knee, and every tongue must revere. My hearers, I know what I say when I say these things. I feel deeply conscious that my feet are based upon the Rock of Ages, and cannot be removed. And I never speak to men in the name of Christ or of God, but I feel the inspiration of Heaven, giving me the most positive assurance that reason is and ever will be on the side of God. Show me a man in all the world that will say he is sorry that ever he obeyed and loved God, or that the hours and days he passed in the employment of praise and thanksgiving, now with bitter remembrance, bite like a serpent and sting like an adder. Show me a man in all the world that tells you he would willingly exchange one hour of "the soul's calm sunshine and the heartfelt joy" of a conscience at peace with man and God, whatever may be the severity of his external condition, for the gay fascinations of pomp and luxury and revelry; too often the dazzling premonitors of gall and bitterness of soul, or the flimsy veil that ill conceals a heart beset by passions host. Point me to a death bed, where, as the soul hangs hovering upon the brink of the intervening vortex of worlds, it may be expected to speak truth if ever, and rehearse to me the penitential confession that it added a pang to death, or an agony to the soul, because they trusted in the living God, who is the Savior of all men. No! So far from such being the case, they have braved the infernal rack of the torturer, the sword of the destroyer, the stake, the fire and the faggot of the martyr, and gained strength as nature receded, to rejoice with joy unspeakable and full of glory, not being ashamed to make manifest in whom they trusted.

I am certain, my hearers, that oou are ready to admit that reason is on the side of Religion and of God. I feel certain that there are moments in your life's history, when as you catch a glance of the beautiful forms of virtue and religion, and feel the soft and warm sunshine of the love of God upon your souls, that you cannot but regret that you have not drank of the waters of life, yea, drank freely.

But again; conscience is on the side of Religion and of God. Did you ever see the righteous man flee when no one pursued him? Did you ever witness the uneasy and restive mood, the furtive and suspicious glance, the wild and rolling eye, the sullen mood, and the fitful start, the haggard brow and the care-worn countenance, in the man that has learned to trust in God and do well. No, never. These are the marks of Cain, that flee from the presence of a just and avenging God, that will by no means clear the guilty; and they speak louder than thunder tones, "My punishment is greater than I can bear;" and they frequently burn and sear so deep, that in agony of soul, the suffering and guilty wretch is forced to disclose those crimes, of which he expected, when he rolled sin as a sweet morsel under his tongue, to make his own bosom the voiceless prison house.

I do not wish here to be understood as denouncing the doctrine of total depravity, neither shall I dwell upon the exposure of so great an abomination. But that men are more or less depraved, no one can doubt. The darkness of the calendar of earthly crimes is more than a sufficient proof of this fact. There are moments when the thoughtless and the profligate have misgivings that all is not right. A sudden gleam from the light of truth, glances across the dark chaos of their souls, and they pause, feeling for the moment that they are far from virtue, far from holiness, far from God. Melancholy and pensiveness lay their hands upon the reins of passion, and check the wild and furious charioteer. At such a moment the remembrance of guilt troubles the soul; sins long forgotten rise up like the ghost of murdered time, and stare them in the face, reading in fearful lessons, the soul's condemnation. They gather in clustering groups from the far distance of by-gone years, and come up darkening and thickening, as the storm-clouds gather on the bosom of the summer sky, bearing in dreadful and solemn silence the sleeping lightnings and thunders that are soon to shake the mountains, and make the earth tremble. Even so gather the memories of past crimes, and even so leaps the livid lightnings and bursts the rolling thunders of an awakened conscience upon the sinner's head. Equally certain, is it then, that conscience is on the side of God.

From this view of the matter there arises another consideration, and that is, we want deliverance from the sins that so easily beset us! We want deliverance from the bonds of sin and death, into the glorious freedom and knowledge of the children of God. We want a living and a realizing sense that shall accompany us in our daily walks; stand by us in our hours of trial and temptation, and be the harbinger of a lasting peace of mind that shall hover and brood over our hearthstones, and our firesides and bless the quiet dreams of tranquil midnight: a living and lasting sense, I say, that we are living in accordance with that reason and conscience, that are on the side of religion and of God, and which are the eternal and uncompromising enemies of error and transgression. Man feels the need of deathless hopes—hopes that shall not, like the dim taper's ray be puffed out of existence with the last faint breath of life; but hopes that shall survive the last tremble and flutter of the expiring flame of an earthly mortality, and arises again like the morning sun, to be consummated in a day that never sinks in night. All that is in man of great or noble, or dignified,—all that presents him a being of moral sublimity of soul—all that links him with angels, and calls upon him to be an imitator of his heavenly Father's perfections, calls for these hopes, and the assurance of their fulfilment.

The Christian religion meets him at this juncture, and the Gospel presents him with just such a scheme as is adapted to all his wants; adapted to just that elevation and grandeur of purpose and of being to which he would attain. And need I ask you if it is not capable and empowered of God to make you just what you would wish to be. I have in part argued this point once before. I shall only ask you now, if you can imagine to yourself a more perfect man than man might be, were he moulded and educated and firmly settled in its precepts. Behold such a man in the midst of a perverse and crooked generation. Do you find him at home? There he is the kind and faithful husband, the affectionate and indulgent, yet wise and discreet parent. Morning and evening he remembers the benefactor of his being, and the parent of all good. The tongue of slander is put to shame in his presence, and sin shrinks abashed before his good example. His children rise up and call him blessed; and he bows his head in old age crowned with glories and full of honors. So you meet him in the daily walks of life! Calmness and complacency have made him their dwelling place; and the discordant elements of life can neither shake nor agitate his tranquility, but with a self-possession and a faith, and a greatness of soul that rise superior to every obstacle, he says to the troubled waters, Peace! Be still! and the winds and the sea obey him. His friendship is an anchor to the soul, sure and steadfast, and his love rises superior to misfortune or death, for many floods cannot drown it, nor many waters quench it. Do you meet him in the elevated ranks and stations of trust and honor, you find him kind and affable, meek and condescending, civil and obliging. He never wounds your self-love by ostentation or arrogance, nor ever sacrifices his own dignity and self-re-

spect by pandering to those above him. As a servant of the public, true and faithful, he serves in righteousness and uprightness of soul, and lays down honors, when they can no longer be worn with conscientious dignity and self-respect. In short the kind and faithful husband, the affectionate, indulgent and discreet parent, the worthy and exemplary citizen, the unchanging and unwavering friend, the esteemed, highminded, and trustworthy public servant; we may say of him in the words of the poet,

* * * * The elements
So wise in him that nature may stand up
And say to all the world, *this is a man.*"

And why is this so? Why, this man has drank of the waters of life freely. He has not spent money for that which is not bread, nor his labor for that which satisfies not, but he has eaten that which is good; he has inclined his ear to the voice of God! he has heard and his soul lives.

And now, my hearers, there is the same opportunity for you to let your soul delight itself in fatness, that there was for him. It is a blessed thing about the table of the Lord, that it is ready for the poor and the needy; a blessed thing about the fountains of life, and the streams of living waters, that they are overflowing; and more than all, that all may partake freely, without money and without price. Ho, every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters; and he that hath no money come! Come ye, buy and eat; yea, come buy wine and milk, without money and without price.

Do you then wish to hear this voice in the still and gentle influences of the spirit of God upon the soul, when the angels of peace and love bend above you upon soft and shadowy wings, or in the noise of the storm and the tempest, when guilt hovers and settles over the soul, upon the dark wings of some foul bird of prey? You have seen the green and graceful harvest bending its head in rolling waves of beauty, like a dark green sea of waters, before the gentle breeze of summer. Such is the soft and gentle influence of the spirit of God, when his voice is heard in love, inclining the mind to thought, and the soul to prayer. You have seen, or at least, you may picture to yourself, the ocean in a storm. Wave after wave seems to gather and leap in the wild phrenzy of commotion, now parting, and now joining together, now opening a vast cavern, like a yawning hell; and now whirling, and eddying, and sucking downward, as if to engulf all in the terrific caverns. Above all, the lightning's flash is seen, and the thunder's roar is heard, as if speaking to the troubled elements below. Such is a picture of the terrible looking for of judgment and fiery indignation, of him who has done despite unto the spirit that says *come!* It is not so that you wish the spirit to say, Come. No! But you wish it to speak to you in love; in a love such as inspires the voice of angels; in tones as gentle and as melting as their harps give out; in smiles as winning as those of the beatified spirit of some near and dear one, that bends above you in the pleasant dreams of the night.

Well, it is thus it does speak to you. It calls upon you, as you value your own tranquility of soul, and that peace of mind which this world can neither give nor take away, and it says, Come. It calls upon you in the name of every dignified feeling and sentiment that can add a lustre to the native dignity of man, or embellish and adorn his nature, and it says, Come. It calls upon you in behalf of the living, who have drank of the waters of life freely, and found them life to their body, and health to their souls, and it says, Come. It calls upon you in remembrance of the departed spirits of the dead, the father who gave you existence, and the mother who nourished you, the affectionate brother who walked with you, side by side, along life's young and flowery paths, and the gentle sister who lingered around you, with her open arms, and her deathless affection, and it says, Come. It speaks to you in every relict that calls them to your memory, in every spot, and place, and scene, made voiceless, and vacant, and lonely, by their departure, through every clod that rests coldly and damply above their narrow resting-place,—it speaks, and it says, Come. It calls upon you in the name of a bleeding and suffering Savior, and it says, Come—in the name of a Father of all tender mercies, and a God of love, bending in infinite compassion over a sinning and a sorrowing world, and it says, Come. In short, your own peace of mind, and your own honor and dignity, reason and conscience, the living and the dead, the Spirit and the Bride, the Savior and the Father, *all*, ALL say, COME. Whosoever will, let him come and take of the waters freely, without money and without price. Come, and your souls shall live.

And, O, my hearers, can you resist these calls? Do you wait for a more eloquent or a more authoritative appeal to be made? Do you come before the altar of God, and listen to the voice from the inner sanctuary, feeling for the moment, touched and affected, forming a new resolution to drink at the waters of life freely, only to go away again, suffering your affections to cool, the impressions to become obliterated, and yourselves again to eagerly drink from the weak and beggarly elements of earth? O, I trust not. I trust you will remember the words of the Savior, Whosoever drinketh of the waters that I shall give him, shall never thirst, but the water I shall give him shall be in him a well of water, springing up into everlasting life!—Amen.

Original.

INSUFFICIENCY OF PARTIALISM.

Our village has recently sustained a severe loss, in the death of one of its most worthy citizens, JACOB WESTLAKE, ESQ. He was extensively known, and highly respected by all who knew him. He had twice been a member of our State Legislature, and had filled other places of responsibility and honor, with much faithfulness. He was long President of our most prominent Temperance Society, and cordially gave his great influence to the advancement of its interests. I never heard a whisper against his character in any respect. He was an upright, honorable, kind, beneyolent man, esteemed by all classes of the community. His funeral was attended by a very large concourse of friends and neighbors, who came to pay their respects to his memory, and mingle their sympathies with those of the surviving relatives.

Mr. Westlake, though a believer in the Christian religion, and a liberal contributor for its support, was not a church-member. He usually attended meeting with his family, at one of our Presbyterinn churches; but he was no sectarian, and was not afraid sometimes, to visit even the Universalist Church, and was always ready with a pleasant word for its humble minister.

Rev. Mr. Stevenson (a Presbyterian Clergyman) officiated at his funeral; and never have I felt more sensibly the utter insufficiency of Partialism, than on that occasion. The Reverend gentleman made a very respectable address, as good as he could in consistency with his creed. He talked well of the certainty of death and the importance of being prepared for that solemn event.—He directed the mourners to Jesus for consolation; but he said not one word to induce a belief that he for whom they sorrowed, had gone to a place of happiness in the future, or inspire them with the hope of meeting him in a better world. His creed would not allow him to do this; for that teaches that none can be saved but those who are here converted. And as Mr. Westlake made no professions of this kind, there was no hope for him. Mr. Stevenson could not give those whose hearts were broken with sorrow, any reason to hope that the object of their affections has gone to the land of blessedness. He could not repeat to the mourners the words of Jesus,

"My grace is sufficient for thee." The "grace," which Mr. Stevenson preached, was not sufficient for them; and he left them in all their deep distress, without any ground of hope for the departed one, whom they loved so much.

And, is it indeed, so? Does Christianity afford no hope in this case? Must we believe that that benevolent and honorable man is consigned to endless despair? No! Thank God, there is hope in the Gospel of Jesus, for him, and for all others of the human family. "As in Adam, all die, even so in Christ shall all be made alive." Here is our ground of faith and hope—"in Christ shall *all* be made alive." None shall be cast off and cursed forever, but "in Christ shall all be made alive." This is sufficient; and we do therefore, confidently anticipate the blessed period when all will be raised to the enjoyment of a glorious immortality.

I rejoice that I am never placed in the position of Mr. Stevenson, in the case referred to. I never attend a funeral where my religion will not allow me to impart consolation to the mourners. Christ came to "comfort *all* that mourn;" and those who preach the Gospel he proclaimed, can perform the same holy work.

Reader, never say, "If Universalism is true, there is no use in preaching it." Would there have been no use in preaching it at the funeral of Mr. Westlake? And are not cases constantly occurring where it alone can afford consolation to the sorrowing? H. L.

Williamsburgh, L. I.

THE CHRISTIAN AMBASSADOR.

NEW YORK, MAY 13, 1848.

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The Gospel History—its Genuineness and Truth.

The last number of the Quarterly contains an article of peculiar value, under the above caption, which we should be glad to transfer to our columns, if we had room. As we have not, we propose to present a general outline of the article, that our readers may see the reason we have for relying upon the Gospel history. The great effort at the present day, among many who call themselves Christians, is to separate from that history every thing of a miraculous character. Those engaged in this work, may be divided into two classes—first, those who maintain, that all those portions of the history, usually supposed to be miraculous, can be reconcilad with the established laws of nature; and secondly, those who maintain, that the miracles are myths. These two classes agree in rejecting every thing miraculous, and are therefore, denominated *rationalists*. Both of their theories appear to us devoid of all proof, and as wholly irreconcilable with the Gospel history. That history is essentially, as Dr. Ballou justly says, in the article before us, a history of miracle. The character of Christ is miraculous. His character is the great miracle of the history. It is no more difficult to believe in the moral character ascribed to him, than it is to believe that he performed miraculous works.—If, therefore, we take out the miracles from the history, we must not only deny his works, but we must deny his moral perfection, and give him merely a rank with great and good men. If we do this, we so mangle the history, that nothing is left of it from which we can form a connected narrative, and we give to it such a fabulous character, that we can rely upon none of its statements. We destroy entirely, its credibility. Who would believe in historians who so entirely misconceived the character of Christ, as the Evangelists did, if Rationalism is true? Who would rely upon any of their statements, if they were wrong in all the miracles they recorded of him?—If they were in error in regard to all these, why may they not have been in regard to his freedom from sin, and in regard to his doctrines and precepts? But we need not propose any more questions to show the utter inconsistency of rationalism, for if the reader will peruse the following from Dr. Ballou, he will see that Rationalism cannot be true.

"The Gospel History is essentially a history of miracle.—It is true, that many of the events narrated in it, are, when taken by themselves, but natural occurrences: as, for example, the journeyings of Christ, his mere act of speaking, much that was done by his disciples, the part which the Jews acted, &c. But, then, we must not fail to observe that even these natural facts, as described in the narrative, are nevertheless underlaid with miracle, and receive their peculiar significance from their relation to miracle; we mean when taken in the connexion in which they are there presented. According to the Gospels, Jesus Christ, was, from first to last, a miraculous personage. His life and his doings were of that character. He based his teachings primarily on special and positive authority from God, and enforces his religion on mankind by that sanction; of which sanction he professed to give full proof in his miracles.—Though he occasionally illustrated particular truths and precepts, by referring to nature and providence, and though he sometimes appealed to the confirmation which reason and conscience intuitively gave to certain of his doctrines; yet, back of all these illustratives, he placed the grand fact that the words he spoke were not his, but those of the Father who sent him, and that he was God's commissioned agent and authorized spokesman to the world. This was the substratum on which he rested the whole. Of course, it underlaid every thing he did or taught, and gave character to every thing that was done for, or against, him and his gospel.

There is an oversight, to which men of a highly speculative turn, are liable, on this point. Accustomed to form their theories without scrupulous attention to facts, they are apt to fancy that the mirrculous can be separated from the Gospel History, as a part by itself; and, that, after they have thus cast away all that is supernatural, (we mean in the common sense of this epithet,) the same Christ and the same religion will still remain unchanged in essence. This might, perhaps, be the case, had the character of Christ's ministry been entirely different from what it was: had he rested his gospel on philosophical abstractions, or on mere human intuitions, and not on the divine authority; and had the miraculous consisted of here and there a disconnected act, like an outhanging appendage that might be cut off without touching the vital sources; or were it not indeed the very element that gave life, as well as form, to the whole. But according to the New Testament, Christianity itself was a miraculous dispensation from God.—It was such as a whole. It was such, both in the manner of its introduction into the world, and in its intrinsic nature, as well as in respect to the means by which it was substantiated. In the Gospel History, the miraculous is the primary and essential element; the natural is but the circumstantial. For, the localities and all the merely human phenomena in the scene, might be changed, without vital injury; but to take away God's immediate agency and sanction, or the demonstrations thereof, would be fatal. Even were we to set aside this or that particular miracle, the Naturalist would gain nothing, except inconsistency, in the result; for the whole is so interfused, pervaded, and informed with miracle,—Christ committed himself so thoroughly to the claim of miraculous power and immediate authority from God,—that we can no more extract this element, without destroying the system, and the character of its Founder also, than we can extract the vital principle from a body without producing death. No Galvanism, no scientific substitute, can be made in either case, to operate well as a living power. We must accept the Gospel as miraculous, in the common sense of this epithet, or else we must reject it downright. No other alternative is possible in the premises. It is, indeed, an easy thing to apply the same name to another religion, standing on wholly different grounds; we may easily fancy to ourselves another kind of Jesus Christ, exhausted of all immediate authority from God; we may do this, too, by the help of some suggestions borrowed from the New Testament, and accommodate select passages and sentiments to any other scheme. But all this would be only to play over the ancient trick of the Neoplatonists, who sought to foist in a new heathen religion under the ostensible sanction of the existing Polytheism, which they were the meanwhile trying covertly to displace. If the miracles in Christianity are impositions, the gospel, as Christ placed it, stands on common ground with the ancient mythological religions, and ought to be honestly discarded by us, as they, in their day, ought to have been openly discarded by their pretended advocates but secret enemies,—

What man of common sense ever supposed that the philosophical religion of the Neoplatonists, of the third and fourth centuries, was the same as the old fabulous Polytheism, for which they strove to make it pass among the people? They thought to go back behind this, to an absolute religion, of which Polytheism was but a faint and distorted reflection; just as some of our modern speculists think to go back behind Christianity, to an absolute religion of their own discovering, of which Christ's gospel was but a reflection, obscured and perverted by a mass of fables. In both cases, it is the supposed absolute religion, and not the alleged reflection, which is held. We should find no fault, here, on the ground of honesty, were it but held in its own name."

After having in this clear and unanswerable manner, shown that we cannot deny the miraculous part of the Gospel History, without denying the whole of it, he proceeds to a consideration of the historical argument in favor of Christianity. Four general facts, he says, are admitted by all.

"1. That Jesus of Nazareth lived at the time and place specified by the Evangelists, that he was crucified under Pontius Pilate, and that he was the founder of the sect called Christians: 2. That his followers the Christians, had become quite numerous within twenty or thirty years after his death, so that their societies were spread abroad, at so early a period, from Asia to Rome; 3. That their peculiar religious views, customs, and character, and also their treatment by the world, were, so far as we can discover, such as they were represented in the New Testament. These three groups of facts, being sufficiently recognized by profane history, and acknowledged even by all skeptics of any repute, may be set down as fixed land-marks, with the bearings of which every thing else must coincide. To these three, we may now add the fourth admission, which is equally conceded on all hands, viz: That the Book of Acts, and the main body at least of the Epistles, in the New Testament, were written in the period to which they are usually assigned, and by those whose names they bear;—in other words, that they are genuine, whether all their contents be true or not. This fourth fact stands not only on external evidence, but on certain vital relations within, which it would be impossible to counterfeit,—on undesigned coincidences between the book of Acts and the Epistles, which integrate them together, and at the same time demonstrate that they were composed amidst the circumstancee to which they refer,"

His first argument in favor of the truth of the Gospel History, is drawn from its agreement with the Acts and the Epistles. He says,

"We see in them, that the miraculous history was in fact, the original one; that the Christian testimony from the very first was, that Christ was sent of God with plenary authority, that he wrought numerous miracles in attestation of the divine sanction, and that after he was crucified he rose from the dead, and appeared personally to his disciples and to "above five hundred brethren at once." We see, too, that the reality of his miracles was not then denied even by his enemies and opposers, the Jews."

He next proceeds to show, that the Gospel History is true, because universally received by the early Christians. On presenting this argument, he exposes the ignorance of those who pretend that the four Gospels were selected out of a great number of histories, by a council. This he declares a sheer fiction, and says that there is not a trace of any thing like it in all antiquity, ecclesiastical, heretical, or profane. We cannot refrain from a short extract on this point.

"The way in which the Four Gospels, as well as the other books of the New Testament, obtained universal authority in the Christian world, was somewhat like the way in which the Minutes of the Proceedings, say, of our Associations and Conventions, command confidence, as the genuine documents, among our brethren throughout the country. They were received, in the first place, from the writers themselves, under whose eye they circulated for a while: they were seen, by the surviving actors, to agree with what they themselves remembered of the extraordinary events; they were found, by all who paid attention to the matter, to be a statement of the same things that the apostles and their associates, and the early believers, had previously been in the practice of relating; every body who read them, saw that they gave the same history which had already, in substance, been orally transmitted through the Christian world, and on which Christian communities had arisen. As the authentic record of "the beginning of the gospel of Jesus Christ," they were preserved, transcribed, circulated wherever there were Christians. They were read in the churches, already scattered over the world; were received by the children of the first generation, and so passed on to the next; were translated into other languages; appealed to, in the controversies that arose between different parties of Christians; quoted and referred to, sometimes casually, sometimes purposely, by successive writers. They were, everywhere and in every way, treated by the Christians, heretics as well as orthodox, as the undisputed and peculiar documents of the Gospel History: and all this, for several ages, without their genuineness being ever questioned, by friend or foe, any more than is that of our public Statute-Books, at this day.—Such was the manner in which they obtained universal acceptance among the Christians.

Beginning at the end of the second century, when all admit the four Gospels were universally believed by Christians, he goes back, step by step, till he reaches the time of the Apostles. It is not necessary that we follow him through his chain of evidence. He proves beyond doubt, that the Gospels were received by the early Christians, and that no other histories of Christ ever were received by them. Spurious histories, he says, could not have gained credence. We will close our remarks, by an extract from what he says on this topic.

"It should be observed, too, that, in all this period, there is not a space where spurious Gospels could have been silently foisted into such universal acceptance, any more than a Mesmeric Revelation concerning Christ's ministry could, this year, be foisted into our canon, amidst the watchful jealousies of our conflicting sects, and be spontaneously received at once, in all lands, and in all churches, as the sacred authority. It is true, that some of the most learned among the recent German theologians have tried to make it appear that our Four Gospels were not in general use, till towards A. D. 200. But such is their mis-statement of facts, as well as misrepresentation of their bearings, so point-blank are their own self-contradictions, so absurd their gratuitous hypotheses, and so little practical common sense is their hypercritical arguments, that we cannot think it necessary to hunt down mere vapors. If any indiscriminating admirer of German criticism suspect that we have characterized these speculations by too contemptuous a term, let him read Prof. Norton's work, quoted at the head of this article; or, better still, let him, if he have the means, examine the Christian writings themselves, of the second century."

O. A. S.

THE MERCY OF GOD.

The mercy of God is one of his most enduring attributes; for mercy is favor shown to the unworthy, help given to the needy. It is a question, therefore, of no small importance to a sinful world, whether God *is really* merciful. No question is more satisfactorily answered in the Bible. It is as distinct in teaching the mercy of God, as it is in teaching his wisdom and power. He is said to be the Lord God, *merciful* and gracious. He is called the God of mercy, and is declared to be rich in mercy, and to delight in mercy. Not only so, his mercy is called *tender* mercy, and tender mercy that is impartial. "His tender mercies are over all his works." Nor is this all. His mercy is everlasting. "The mercy of the Lord endureth forever." "The mercy of the Lord is from everlasting to everlasting." If such is the mercy of God, how can he doom one being to endless or unmerciful punishment? O. A. S.

BR. E. H. CHAPIN.

Br. E. H. Chapin commenced his labors in this city on Sunday last. His church is situated in Murray-street, corner of Church-street. It is a neat building, and though far down town is well located. Br. C. has warm friends here, and begins his labors under prospects the most flattering. We extend to him a cordial welcome, for we feel assured that we shall find in him a true brother, and a faithful co-laborer. We have known him for a long time, and have ever had the highest reason to regard him as a discreet and faithful minister of Christ.

CHARITY.

The Apostle Paul represents Charity as one of the greatest of the Christian virtues. This is indispensably necessary to the completion of the christian character; and the attainment of no other virtue can fully compensate for the absence of this. Indeed, though every other qualification were possessed necessary to the full baptism of the soul in the spirit of the Gospel, yet if the heavenly grace of charity is wanting to its perfection, it is still far from the kingdom of God. We may speak with the tongues of men and of angels, we may have the gift of prophecy and understand all mysteries, we may exercise all faith in its full and complete power, and yet we are taught that without charity we are become as sounding brass, or a tinkling cymbal. This virtue constitutes, what may be termed, the substantial and prominent feature of Christianity, and presents one of the most beautiful characteristics of that religion which came down from heaven.

"Charity suffereth long and is kind." It bears in patience with the frailties, the errors and imperfections of men; it conceals their faults, while it brings forth their virtues to the view; it breathes a ready pardon for every offensive act; it delights not in a harsh and censorious judgment of others, but speaks even to the erring and guilty in its own sweet and soothing tones, "neither do I condemn thee, go and sin no more."

We would that this virtue should more extensively prevail in the world—that its divine beaming should fill and illuminate the hearts of men. Then should the blessings of peace and unity be enjoyed upon the earth; the rancor and bitterness which now distract society should be known no more, and the divisions and animosities which now prevail, even in christian communities, should cease forever.

The exhortation of the Apostle is worthy to be heeded by all: "Follow after charity." It is the purest, brightest, and greatest of the christian virtues. Faith, which carries us onward amid the scenes of trial and sorrow here below, shall at last be lost in sight; hope which bears the mind upward from the sphere of earth, and sweetly whispers of immortal bliss, shall be ended in its glorious fuition; but charity, greater than both of these, endless in its nature and being, never faileth. When prophecy shall have ended, when tongues shall have ceased and knowledge shall have vanished away, this shall remain to inspire and strengthen the freed spirit, that wings its flight towards the throne of the Infinite. R. P. A.

EXPLANATORY ITEMS.

Pottsville, May 4, 1848.

Dear Brother Balch:—

I have attentively read thy History of Universalism in New York. There is only one point on which I wish to comment briefly—and even this would be forebone, were it not for the inquiry of several friends as to an alleged rupture between Mr. Fisk and myself, which ended in an advertisement, nearly 19 years ago. The statement occurred in the letter of Dr. Downer.

The facts are simply these: I had bought the Gospel Herald establishment, with certain stipulations. The latter were infringed, as I judged, by Mr. Fisk—in consequence of which I declined to take the establishment, and published six lines in the advertising columns of a daily paper, stating that certain notes would not be paid, &c. Subsequently, the matter was adjusted by mutual friends. Out of this mole-hill came a mountain, as viewed through the spectacles of a few members of the Grand-street Society.

The truth is, my unexpected removal to Philadelphia caused the melancholy tone and forebodings of Dr. Downer and a few other zealous brethren: nothing else, nothing more. And the wonderment was, Why did he not remain with us? The reply might have relation to the old saying, that while the corn was growing, the man was getting thinner and thinner. I will not enter into particulars. One fact will suffice: I actually paid more money (out of my salary in Philadelphia) for the supply of the pulpit of the Grand-street Church, than I ever received from that Society from first to last. Zeal is a good thing, and I believe I have had my share of both its enjoyments and sacrifices—but zeal may eat a man up; and not being prepared for such an issue, I removed to Philadelphia. To be twitted therefor, by the publication of a letter written in the dumps some nineteen years ago, is a touch too much, my brother.

I can scarcely be accused, at this day, of instability. The cases of Br. Thayer and myself, are, I believe, the only one, in the history of our denomination, in which a bachelor remained for ten years as pastor of one Society. I have repented—alas for *him*.

I will only add that Dr. Downer's letter indicates the expectations that rested on my continuance in the Grand street Church; and if by virtually working for nothing and finding myself, the Society was the better enabled to meet its subsequent engagements, it should be remembered to the credit of

A. C. T.

REV. MR. CLAPP'S SERMON.

The Sermon which we published a few weeks since, from the pen of Rev. Mr. Clapp, is producing a great excitement. Many of our friends think that it should be issued in a pamphlet form, and that thousands should be circulated in this city. Not only the Religious, but the Secular press has spoken of it By some it is denounced as the rankest heresy, and by others praised as a triumphant refutation of the old dogma concerning hell. Mr. Clapp is an eloquent preacher, and from his position and talents, can exert a mighty power for the truth. We do not wonder, therefore, that the Orthodox should denounce his Sermon, and assail him as a dangerous man. It is easy to do that, but not quite so easy to disprove his arguments. Brownlow, a Methodist preacher, and editor, and politician—a bragging, bullying blackguard, is out upon Mr. Clapp in the following strain. Writing from New Orleans, he says—

"New Orleans is 'a head and shoulders taller' than any city I ever was in. Nay, it is 'a pole and compass' deeper in the sinks of iniquity, than any city I ever was in. The devil operates here upon a large scale, and really has his barracks here, together with most of his recruiting officers.

"Rev. Dr. Clapp, of this city, has delivered a sermon, in which it is made to appear that there is no hell in the next life, in which to punish sinners! This is an important discovery, and revives the drooping spirits of thousands here, who know that if the vulgar notion of hell in the next life be true, they will have to pay for the roast. It is more important to the inhabitants of New Orleans, to have the doctrine of hell fire and future punishment done away with, than of any city I ever was in."

The Planter's Banner, published in Louisiana, thus speaks of the Sermon:—

"The Sermon of the Rev. Theodore Clapp, is of so much interest and importance, that we deem it unnecessary to apologise for the want of variety in to-day's paper, The pangs of a guilty conscience are severe enough, and the idea of death is sufficiently revolting—to say nothing of the painful struggles of life—without the belief that for involuntary weakness, the errors of mind, or momentary offences—man is to smart everlastingly in flaming oceans of burning sulphur—to float to all eternity in the most excruciating agonies on the seas of Liquid brimstone, wailing and gnashing his teeth. Such a belief is incapable of changing the temperament of men and annihilating those passions which the vices of society engender in his heart, Therefore it is useless. It causes men to pass their lives in affliction without making them better citizens."

LETTER FROM BR. BULKELEY.

PROVIDENCE, R. I., May 8, 1848.

Br. SKINNER: In anticipation of the more rich and entertaining "Foreign Correspondence," shortly to be given to our readers, allow me to address a word to you and to them, concerning matters and things on this side of the big waters. Notwithstanding the unpropitious state of the weather at the time I left New York, I had a very pleasant passage hither The excellent accommodations on board the noble steamer Vanderbilt, and the obliging and gentlemanly conduct of her officers, are enough, at any time, to cause the traveler to forget his sorrows, and convert even a stormy night into a season of pleasurable enjoyment. Surely no one who has experienced the kind attentions of Messrs. Walker and Morse, the clerk and steward of the V., will wonder that that boat is such a universal favorite with the travelling public.

Though not permitted, like our more favored associate, "to roam in foreign parts," or to "eat fish on the shores of Genasereth," I can, while allowed to feast on Pawtuxet *trout*, console myself with the thought, that it may be the distance, after all, that "lends enchantment" to the fish that are caught in foreign waters.

I am happy to learn that our cause is in a very prosperous condition in this thriving city. The old society, of which Br Bacon is pastor, have closed their Church for a time, for the purpose of making necessary repairs. The interior is to be painted and carpeted anew, the pulpit is to be re-moddled, and a new organ, which the society have recently purchased, is to be placed in the Church. When these desirable changes are effected, the society anticipate, in the course of a week or two, to be able to resume their services in the old church, under more favorable auspices than ever. Br. Bacon is much and deservedly esteemed by his people, who are warmly attached to him, and is doing a good work for our cause, both by his labors in the pulpit, and by his pen.

The new society, also, under the zealoas and faithful labors of Br. Cook, is in a very flourishing condition. It has labored under many disadvantages heretofore, for the want of a suitable place of worship, but this difficulty, I am happy to be informed, is about to be obviated by the erection of a new church, for which an eligible site has already been secured, and the funds, in good part, raised. Though many of them are not blessed with "an abundance of this world's goods," yet the zeal and spirit with which they have commenced the undertaking, give assurance that those who deserve success will obtain it, and we devoutly pray that nothing may prevent the consummation of their wishes.

The R. I. Tract Society is doing a good work in all this region, by means of its excellent publications. The plan of gratuitous distribution, which they have adopted, seems to be the only one by which publications of this nature, can be brought into general circulation, and might, it seems to me, be followed with profit by other societies. I have had an opportunity to examine the series of tracts published by this society, and find them well written and in an excellent spirit. I would take the liberty of suggesting the propriety of exchanging tracts with the R. I. society, as a means of increasing the variety, without much expense to either. I can see no objection, but on the contrary, many and mutual advantages to be derived from such an arrangement. I was surprised to learn that a proposition similar to this, was made to the New York society, and for some unaccountable reason, declined. Will our brethren who have this matter in charge, think of it, and do themselves and the cause a service, and it may yet be practicable to do so, by attending to this suggestion. I preached at Valley Falls, yesterday, which is quite a flourishing village, about five miles from this city, to a very respectable and intelligent congregation. Br. Preston, their former pastor, having left, they are as yet without a pastor, but have strong hopes of soon securing the services of some one to break to them the bread of life. On my return from this place, I called on our worthy Br. Damon, who is settled in Pawtucket, and who has for some time past, as I was happy to learn, been very successfully laboring for the upbuilding of our cause in that pleasant village. On the whole, I have been much pleased and gratified with what I have seen during my tour, thus far. Hoping to see you again shortly, I remain, Yours, Fraternally. S. C. B.

A GOOD COMMUNICATION.

Br. Patterson sends us the following, which though not designed for our readers, we have concluded to insert. It is truly an article of *shining* qualities, and very gratifying to the hearts of the Publishers. We should be glad to receive similar articles from a large number of our patrons. They give basis to our concern, and will enable us to feel that it has a a good foundation,

April 29, 1848.

BRO. S. C. BULKELEY & Co.—Having recently noticed several calls from editors to correspondents, for short, pithy and appropriate articles, I have concluded to furnish one. Enclosed you will find an article of this character, for your paper. You can insert it where and when you please. Is it not just the kind of communication, occasionally to make up a variety, interesting alike to editor and reader. I cannot believe that an article possessing such intrinsic value, will be lost in the confusion of the editorial "drawer"

I do not claim that the article is, in point of originality, mine,* but I do claim what some correspondents cannot with any show of propriety, that this communication was not stolen. Perhaps more anon.

Yours, for the Gospel,
C. M. PATTERSON.

*As I do not wish to shine in borrowed plumage, please give credit to Br. Ebenezer Frisbee, Braman's Corners, for the short article.
C. M. P.

ANNE MARY HOWITT.

The following is an extract of a letter received by Miss Abby Hutchinson, from the above named lady, The style is as beautiful as its sentiment is noble. We copy from the Tribune:

"All our anxieties and interests are just now merged in the sublime struggle going on, on the Continent. Our hearts bound to hear of the noble course of Lamartine, and the countless, grand, and most truly *religious* passages in this great Revolution. Was there ever such a letter read to despots and tyranny? May it please God to strengthen these patriots in their aspirations, purify the people, and keep them calm in their sovereignty, and let the world acknowledge, that 'Liberty, Equality, Fraternity,' are not mere words, but the living spirits of Christianity! * * * What, however, saddens us most, is the cold, sneering, calculating spirit, with which the English press—and also the majority of the public—receive the tidings of these revolutions."

THE MICHIGAN STATE CONVENTION.

This body, at its session held in February last, adopted the following resolution:

"*Resolved*, That in order to be a Universalist, it is necessary to believe in the Old and New Testaments, as containing a sufficient revelation; and that the life, teachings, miracles, death and resurrection of Jesus Christ, as given in the Gospels, are divine truth."

BR. R. P. AMBLER.

Br. Ambler has removed to this city, and will have charge of the Bleecker-street Church, during the absence of Br. Balch. His residence is 728 Greenwich street, to which place all letters designed for him can be addressed.

DEATH OF IRA CURTIS, ESQ.

The last Magazine & Advocate brings the sad intelligence of the death of this most excellent man. On our first visit to Auburn we spent several days with him and his estimable family. We are pained to hear that he is no more. We copy the following from Br. Austin's obituary notice :

Died in Auburn, on the 24th ult., IRA CURTIS, Esq , aged 53 years.

Alas ! that I am compelled to make this announcement !— For some years Br. Curtis has been in a declining state of health ; but we had cherished the hope that he might be spared us for a longer period of time. Divine Providence, however, had otherwise decreed. An active disease set in, and after a sickness of a week's duration, he departed life, to enter upon the fruition of the hopes he so fondly cherished on earth. To say that his family, and the Society and Church, to which he belonged, have met with a great, irreparable loss, is not to express all that should be uttered. In the death of Br. Curtis our denomination and our cause have been deprived of one of their most devoted, faithful and useful friends in Central New York, and indeed in the State. All who were acquainted with him, are aware that for several years past, he has devoted much, if not most of his time in efforts to build up the doctrine of the world's salvation. By the most worthy example of a moral and religious life, by word of mouth, by the circulation of books, pamphlets, tracts, and a great variety of periodicals, he has been instrumental in scattering the seeds of Truth broad-cast wherever he has been. Did he go on a journey, or even pass through the streets, on his ordinary business, he was never without tracts or papers, or some publication, to put into the hands of those who were strangers to our doctrines ; and he generally succeeded in obtaining a promise that whatever he gave should be faithfully read and pondered. How much good one man can accomplish, even though feeble in health, when fired with the zeal and devotedness of our departed brother. Heaven grant that his mantle may fall on the shoulders of some one worthy to bear it !

The following letter from Ex-Governor Seward will show the estimation in which Br. Curtis was held by the citizens of Auburn :—

Auburn, April 26, 1848.

MY DEAR MADAM :—

I can hardly express to you how much I was shocked on opening the morning paper, by reading the notice of the death of your respected husband. I felt self reproached that I had not even known that he was ill. Harassed as I am with a thousand cares, I would not that such a man had died among us, and I not by his side in his illness, to tender him the assurance of my profound respect and sincere sympathy. But these regrets are unavailing. Permit me to disturb your grief, inconsolable as it must be, long enough to say, that I have lived a quarter of a century in this community, and I never knew among its members, one more just, truthful or benevolent. Always under obligations to him, I would have confessed them to him on his death bed. Since this melancholy pleasure was denied to me, I beg you to accept the tardy acknowledgment due to his memory from one who knew his worth, and was proud of his friendship.

I am, dear Madam,
Very Respectfully,
Your humble servant,
WM. H. SEWARD.

Mrs. Elizabeth Curtis.

OTHER POPULAR AND ELOQUENT SPEAKERS.

This has been a great week for a display of eloquence, if we may judge from the advertisements that have been published. They generally run, *Speeches will be made by Rev. Dr.——— and other popular and eloquent speakers.* If there is any thing from which a reasonable man should desire deliverance, it is from what many call eloquence. To hear a person who has neither knowledge nor sense, pour forth, for an hour, the pretty words he has collected together, is a grievous affliction. With many, eloquence is nothing more than pretty words about dew-drops, flowers, ane white-winged angels. We love to hear a man speak who has knowledge and sense.

THE SABBATH AND LAW.

Not long since, a petition was presented to the Legislature of Mass., asking for stringent legal enactments to prevent Railroad Companies from running on the Lord's day. The petition was referred to the Joint Committee on Railways and Canals, The following is their Report. It is concise and sensible, and we think correct in its views. We love the Sabbath, and believe it to be a divine institution ; but we want no law to compel people to observe it. Such a law would be a curse, and prove a serious injury to the institution. The only way to have the Sabbath observed, is to enlighten the people, and make them see its worth.

REPORT:

The Committee believe, that the manner in which the Lord's Day is used, affects the character of a people. Where Sunday is made a day of rest from the accustomed physical or mental labor of other days, and is devoted to religious worship, and to spiritual, moral, and social improvement, outward prosperity will be seen to be greater, and the general condition and habits of individuals higher and purer, than elsewhere. *Every man has a right to this day for his own rest and cultivation.*

In the opinion of the Committee, it is wiser to leave this great principle to work its way through the public mind, and thus control customs and conduct, than to attempt to enforce the observance of Sunday, as a day of rest, by legal penalties.

If any man choose to disregard his right to the day, let him be careful lest he infringe upon the right of his wiser brother ; but let him not be punished for that which regards himself alone.

Within the last few years, it is believed that the consideration of this principle has made Sunday more extensively cherished, as a blessing, than it was formerly ; and that no legislation can be devised which will tend so safely, prudently, and surely, toward a universal observance of the day, as to leave the matter where it is,

If the prayer of these petitioners were granted, circumstances are very likely to occur, where such a "clause" as they ask for, would work a wrong which they would be the last men in the world to desire. It would be very difficult to devise any prohibitorylaw, which would not be liable to grave objections. The Committee are not without the hope and somewhat confident expectation, that the time will come soon, when cars and engines will not be driven on Sunday over any Railroad in Massachusetts, unless for works of necessity or mercy : but they are unanimously of opinion, that legislation on the subject is inexpedient, and that the petitioners have leave to withdraw their petition.

For the Committee, A. D. FOSTER.

VOICES FROM PRISON.

This is an 18 mo of about 300 pages, neatly printed on good paper, and well bound. It is designed as a May annual, and we think it will find a ready sale among the multitudes who will assemble at the different anniversary meetings of this city and Boston. We have not had time to read it through, and do not consider ourselves as a good judge of poetry ; but we do not hesitate to say, that there is much very excellent poetry in the volume, and that it is well worthy of the public favor. It is prepared and published by Charles Spear of Boston, one of our most zealous and devoted advocates of prison reform. The work contains a number of pieces of music, and biographical notices of nearly all the authors. These notices give great value to the book. O. A. S.

CHRISTIAN FREEMAN AND FAMILY VISITER.

This paper came to us last week greatly enlarged, and making a very respectable appearance, though we must say that we think the head in very bad taste. That, however, is a trifle. The Freeman, we think is now the largest paper in the denomination, and one of the best. Br. Cobb has a strong mind, and writes with ability. He is a discreet editor, and his paper is doing a good work. Price $2.00.

There is no remedy for intemperance but the cessation of it.

ZEPHANIAH LATHE.

The following letter, though brief, will be read with interest. It shows with what earnest and devoted zeal our fathers in the ministry, gave themselves to their work, and under what great trials they preached the Gospel. We copy from the Trumpet.

Br. Whittemore:—In the Trumpet of last week there is an error in regard to the place where our aged father in Israel, Zephaniah Lathe, died. It was not Lebanon but Hanover. (He once lived in Lebanon.) Just before his death I visited him at Hanover. He was poor in this world's goods—but rich in faith. Though he was aged, yet he retained a vigorous intellect and was full of trust in God. He told me of Winchester, and Young, and Barnes, and the elder Streeters. He had not had so much personal acquaintance with Murray as with the other preachers mentioned. When he told the story of the trials and sufferings through which he had passed, he was much affected. But he assured me that he then held with great joy the faith he once preached.

I think, Br. Whittemore, that whatever can be gathered up of the scanty history of those old veterans and pioneers in the cause of true Christianity, should be collected for the benefit of their successors. Fraternally yours,

L. Willis.

Claremont, N. H., April 28, 1848.

New Publications.

Devotional Family Bible.—We acknowledge the receipt of Parts 47 and 48 of this splendidly printed Bible. Part 47 contains an engraving of "Moses meeting his Wife and Sons." Part 48 is an engraving of the Jews' Place of Waiting."

Hobart's Analysis of Butler's Analogy of Religion. This able work has been adapted to the use of Schools, by Charles E. West. To each chapter questions are subjoined. In many respects, Butlar's work is very excellent. We do not subscribe to all its doctrines, and should not think it a suitabl work for our Common Schools. The edition before us is elegantly printed, and got up in the usual good style of the Harper's.

A Picture Book without Pictures.—This is a small 18 mo. of 175 pages, made up from the translations of Hans Christian Anderson. The translation is by Mary Howitt. C. S. Francis & Co., 252 Broadway, Publishers. The reputation of the author is a sufficient recommendation of the work. We cheerfully give it our commendation.

The Boy's Spring Book.—We take great pleasure in announcing the appearance of this interesting book. We know of no juvenile work superior to this and those of the same series which have preceded it. Harper & Brother, Publishers.

The Miscellany for May.—We have read the 11th No. of this Magazine. We give the Table of Contents: The Method of Salvation, by Rev, M. Sanford; brief Review of Hughes and Breckinridge's Discussion, by Rev. E. M. Pingree; "Were Human Sacrifices authorized by Moses?" by Rev. S. C. Loveland; the Ascending Life, by Rev. S. C. Hewitt; the Power of Religion over the Soul, by Rev. E. Case, Jr.; the Moral Beauty of the Plan of Salvation, by Rev. E. Winchester Reynolds; the Busy Mother, by Miss Julia A. Fletcher; Certainty of Punishment, by Rev. D. P. Livermore. Editor's Table.—This World not a State of Probation; Young Ladies should seek for Intellectual Improvement; Revivals out of Date; the Divine Grace; Monthly Record.

The Ladies' Repository.—We have received the May number of this Monthly. It has a small engraving, and its usual variety of articles.

The New York State Society for the Abolition of Capital Punishment,

Held its Fifth Anniveraary Meeting, on Monday evening, at the Minerva Rooms. A large and respectable audience was in attendance.

Dr. Harsen, Vice President of the Society, was called to the chair. Rev. Mr. Pierpont opened the meeting with prayer.

After a few appropriate remarks as to the objects of the Society by the Chairman, James H. Titus, Esq. read the Annual Report of the Executive Committee which was accepted and ordered to be printed.

Parke Godwin then addressed the meeting, making a clear and powerful exposition of the history of the reforms of the death penalty, and of the principles which has governed society in its various stages of developement, from the savage state to the present era of civilization. He graphically depicted that barbarous condition of society of former ages, which was characterised by brutal force, and he traced the gradual changes which had taken place in the spirit of society, and the ameliorations of cival law under humane and benevolent influences.

Mr. Godwin alluded to the many distinguished men of Europe and this country, jurists and others, who had given their testimony against vindictive penalties and exerted their influence in striking the bloody enactments of barbarous ages from the Statue Books. He contended that the experience of nations had proved that crime increased just in proportion to the severity of the penalties against offences, and decreased as they were mitigated; and he referred to various countries in which Capital Punishment had entirely been abolished and with the best results. Our laws, he said, are the great teachers of the people, their spirit is caught up by society. The old law of *lex talionis*—the law of revenge, teaches the love of revenge; and vindictive sentiments are roused and encouraged by severe and vindictive enactments.

Mr. Godwin also referred to the fact that the penalty of Capital Punishment produced uncertainty in the execution of the law, because men hesitate to convict a fellow creature when death is the penalty; and *certainly* was alleged by all writers on law to be the most effectual means of restraining crime.—There might be great injustice committed, by the escape of one and the conviction of another. Mistakes too, might be made and the innocent suffer. A mistake in regard to any other penalty may, perhaps, be repaired, but the death penalty is as awful as it is eternal.

William H. Channing followed Mr. Godwin in an earnest and most eloquent address taking the subject up where he left it and illustrating the humane and progressive spirit which distinguishes the present times and advances this and other great and benovolent reforms, a spirit which he recognized as coming from God, and which gives to great reforms of the age the character of a Providential movement, the tendency of which is the acknowledgement of the law of Universal brotherhood and the tie of love which makes all one.

Mr. Channing argued in favor of the abolition of Captal Punishment on the ground of Justice on the ground of Necessity and on the ground of Scripture. He was repeatedly interrupted by appauses of the audience during the delivery of his beautiful and convincing address.

Horace Greeley also addressed the meeting. He said that it was a very common misappehension to suppose that the object of this reform was to benefit merely the few unfortunate wretche swho became amenable to the penalties of the law: this he said, was a great mistake. He contended that whatever benefit the criminal may receive by the abolishment of the death penalty, the great advantages were to society at large, through an increase of the safety of good citizens and their protection against outrage and crime.

A collection was taken up and a Committee appointed for the selection of officers of the Society for the ensuing year and the meeting adjourned.—*Tribune.*

Specie for Europe.

The Sarah Sands took out $260,500 in specie, on Saturday last, and the Acadia, from Boston, took $230,375, of which $174,475 was in gold, and $55,900 in silver.

Mrs. Julia Webster Appleton, wife of Samuel A. Appleton Esq., and only daughter of the Hon. Daniel Webster, died at her residence in Winter-street, Boston, on the 28th ult.

Miscellaneous Department.

Original.

WE ARE PASSING, SWIFTLY PASSING!

BY REV. E. CASE, JR.

We are passing, swiftly passing,
From the scenes of earth away,
Like the shadows that are glancing
Where the leaves and sunbeams play.
And the things we've left behind us,
Seem like dreams of childhoods hours,
Or the transient gleams of sunlight
That fall on banks of flowers.

We are passing, swiftly passing;
Yet though fleet we're hieing on,
And life's journey seemeth ended
E'er yet 'tis well begun,
There are thoughts within us dwelling,
Warming up our breathing clay,
That shall live a long eternity
When that hath crumbled in decay.

In the mirror of dear memory
I look, and there behold,
Angelic forms and faces
Of beauty's finest mould;
And their sunny locks and features
All rife with joy and glee,
Seem as present, very present,
As they ever were to me.

I have brothers, I have sisters,
And though those hours seem brief,
Now they are past, when in their midst
I made one in joy or grief,
Yet their ever blessed memories
Haunt my still and lonely hours
As the voice of bird and streamlet
Haunt the dim green woodland bowers.

And often in the dreamy night
When thoughts intensive stray,
To call up golden memories
Of things now passed away,
Their living forms and features
Rise up suddenly to view,
So truthful and so life-like,
That I start and deem them true.

Again beside the sunny streams,
And in the grassy glade,
Or mid the pensive silence
Of the Summer's woodland shade,
With young and joyful creatures,
I again in fancy stray,
Passing the swift-winged rosy hours
Of life's young morn away.

Again I see the waterfall
Beside the grassy nook,
Or chase the minnow and the perch
Along the shelving brook:
Again I pluck the violet
From its green and grassy bed,
Or the wild rose deeply blushing
Where it bows its drooping head.

I mind me of a childish face
Long summers past away,
A thing all life and loveliness,
Too pure for mortal clay,
A young and joyous creature,
Whose image deep enshrined,
Will live while memory lives to muse,
Within the immortal mind.

I never saw so fair a thing!
I ne'er shall see again!
The purest gem that now the soul's
Rich casket doth retain:—
The golden link within the chain
That reaches far away,
From this world's changeful lights and shade,s
To heaven's eternal day.

And can it be all mockery?
Are these things idle dreams?
And is the past reality,
Or a something that but seems?
O no! I cannot cherish
Such repulsive thought as this!
I know the past will be again
Where no change can mar life's bliss.

In that world,—the bright—the future,
Where all things have gone before,
The lost, the loved, the cherished,
Shall unite in joy once more;
And the things we now remember,
There rise up again and be,
The ever bright and beautiful
Of Immortality.

Geneva, April 3, 1848.

PREPARED FOR DISPLAY.

OR A HINT TO YOUNG LADIES.

"The education of woman tends chiefly toward the intellect but it is to the cultivation of the *moral sense*, to the cultivation of the *heart*, that it *should* be directed. Were we to enlighten the heart, virtues alone would remain, and instead of women, we might be angels.'

Thus writes a French author on the subject of the "Education of Females." The remark was brought most forcibly to mind, in a conversation I lately held with a kind and observing old gentleman.

We had both been spending an evening at the residence of a mutual friend, whose two daughters had, to use their mother's phrase, "just finished their education." The company was large, and the young ladies had ample opportunity to show their numerous accomplishments.

Miss Sarah, the eldest, was quite a musician, at least in her and her mother's opinion, and Miss Jane could draw beautifully, translate French to admiration; also both the young ladies were quite proficient in worsted work, embroidering and mending lace so that it could not be seen, and divers other little elegant nothings "too numerous to mention."

All this had been notified to the company, first in conversation by the mother, and second from each young lady herself, from being called out, rather indirectly to be sure, to show what she could do. Miss Sarah commenced by opening the piano and inviting any of the ladies to "give us some music." But all declined playing first, and so the young lady set down herself and performed two or three marches, and sung one or two songs; all of which were loudly praised by the company, and declared to be, "perfect," "beautiful," &c., and when she rose from her instrument, a keen observer might have thought from her countenance, that she had been doing something extraordinary, so elate was she with triumph and satisfaction. Two or three other young ladies were called to perform, and then Jane contrived to bring herself into notice by letting a drawing fall out of a music book, and exclaiming, "Why, Sarah, here is that landscape we searched so long for last week! How could it get among your music?

Perhaps Miss Jane little suspected that more than half of the company would be informed by her little roguish brother, before

the evening was out, that the landscape had been placed with the music by her own fair hands that very morning, with what intention can be easily suspected.

The ruse succeeded, and a few moments found the centre-table covered with Miss Jane's drawings, and surrounded by a seemingly admiring circle of friends, who were in raptures at the young lady's talents; and "how true to nature,"—"is it not beautifully colored"—"did you ever see anything done better,' &c., resounded throughout the room.

Of course Miss Jane's cheeks glowed as much as her sister's, and after various patterns of embroidery had been shown, and they oung lady's Album examined to find the original piece she had written upon leaving school, they both seemed to stand upon "higher eminence" than the rest of the company, and were allowed by their mother to spend the rest of the evening in the background.

Now the old gentleman had been a keen observer of all that was passing; and perhaps both mother and daughters would have been startled somewhat out of their complacency, could they have seen with what serious reflections he was regarding their display. Indeed it caused something like wonder in his mind, that people could be so proud of showing such trifling things as the result of a "highly finished education," we were so minutely informed upon, by the gratified and loquacious mother; and he longed to repeat to them the rebuke of the philosopher of old—"Alas! the time and talents you have wasted in acquiring such useless knowledge might have raised you to virtue, honor, and fame, at but half the expense."

Upon breaking up of the company, I was fortunate. at least in my opinion, to get his attendance home; and as the way was long, I anticipated much pleasure from his conversation, as he was one whose lips seldom opened themselves "but with wisdom," and who considered the gift of speech to be accounted for hereafter.

I commenced by saying I had spent the evening rather more agreeably than I had at first expected.

"Have you, indeed?" answered he—"I am heartily glad of it, and I wish I could confess even one agreeable feeling throughout it."

"And have you not enjoyed yourself?" I asked in some astonishment.

"Indeed, I cannot say that I have," he seriously replied; "but I have had plenty of food for reflection, and I do not think my observing powers were ever brought more into requisition. I have been all the evening trying to find out for what Mrs. H. has educated her daughters; and as I presume they are but a specimen of the most fashionable mode of bringing up young ladies, I should like to know what *real design* mothers have in view in thus rearing their daughters.

"It cannot be to prepare them for the duties that await them as wives and mothers, for surely even the most feeble reason would point to a course more to the purpose, yet upon looking round upon all my acquaintances. I cannot find one mother who seems to have more in view, (judging from her mode) than what administers to the gratification of the mind and senses. Not one of them seems to think of the *heart*, with its thousand springs of action, more or less polluted by the mire of selfishness, and which is in reality the reservoir from which all their future actions will be colored!

"Take for instance the daughters of our hostess this evening. Fine girls they are to look at; and if instead of a little music and a few drawings, I had seen more benevolent attention paid to the company, more respect and notice to the aged, and sound practical sense in their conversation, I should have known them to have been well brought up girls; though I never heard a whisper of their grand education, and should have admired and respected them far more than it is possible for me now—their knowledge of music and French notwithstanding."

Here I ventured to remark that the Misses H. appeared at least amiable and well intentioned, though their affectations were indeed like a dark cloud cast over the sunniest parts.

"As to the amiability of Miss Sarah, I had an opportunity of judging," replied my friend," and though I am not in the habit of repeating the unguarded words of a moment, yet being assured they are often the true index of the speaker's heart, I will tell you of a little scene I chanced to be a witness of, and you may judge for yourself."

"Whilst the refreshments were being passed round, I found myself wedged in one corner with the sofa at my right side, Miss Sarah and one of her young friends just before me, and old Mrs. Gray on my left; of course I was immovable until one of the young ladies should see fit to change her seat and leave some space, and I therefore quite unintentionally became a listener to some of her remarks."

"Did you ever see anything more ridiculous than that old dress of Maria B's; I declare she ought to be ashamed to wear it again. I had rather stay at home, if I were she, than wear the same dress."

"Oh! you know her father is quite poor," replied Miss Sarah "and can't afford her even decent things. I shouldn't have invited her here this evening, if mother had'nt insisted upon it.—You know that Maria belongs to the same church that mother does, and so we think it is best to show her some attention to please ma."

"But I wish you could have seen her at Mary E.'s the other night—by the way why were you not there?"

"Oh, they are such low-bred people, ma don't like to have us associate much with them; so I plainly let Mary understand I did not wish any invitation, and of course she did not send one."

"Well you lost a treat, I must say. There was Maria B. showing herself off by singing a duett, with Charles Graham, and—"

"Now she really did not make such a fool of herself," interrupted Miss Sarah, "I am astonished that Mr. Graham demeaned himself so much as to sing with her, such a screech owl as she is. I never could abide her singing."

"Oh, you ought to have heard how it was applauded—and Mr. Graham said he had not heard anything so sweet since he was in France; and she looked as proud in her old dress as if she was the queen of England."

"I dare say; what a hypocrite she is, pretending religion, and all that sort of thing, yet making herself so forward in company. Ma wanted me to believe she took the whole charge of her mother's family, and nursed old Mrs. Elm when she was sick—but I don't believe a word of it, or she could not find time to go out so much."

"Oh, she did nurse Mrs. Elm, I believe, for I heard that the old lady offered to make her a handsome present, but my lady was too proud to accept it, it seems. But do you think there's any truth in the report that she is engaged to—"

"At this instant the waiter approached, and I quite lost Miss Sarah's reply; however I had heard enough to satisfy me of the young lady's charity and amiability; and quite congratulate myself that I know the Maria B. that she had been so freely speaking of—know her to be a pious and amiable young lady, as far removed from selfishness as the imperfect creatures of our sinful world can be: and moreover I had happened also to attend the party alluded to, and well remember the sweet and touching manner in which the young lady had accompanied Mr. Graham in a popular ballad, and I longed to tell Miss Sarah that nothing I had heard this evening could compare with it, although she seemed to have such a comfortable idea of her own powers as a songstress. So much for Miss Sarah's amiability and good intentions."

"Now suppose instead of her music and so on, she had been taught the grace that hopeth all things, and preferreth another to itself—suppose she had learned that envy and detraction and speaking ill of her companions, were as much to be avoided as the small pox or any other loathsome disease—and that gentleness, meekness, 'in honor preferring one another,' and a kind, obliging disposition were as much to be sought after, and were as necessary to make a lady, as music, drawing, &c., would she not then have been far more lovely and superior to the fashionable machine she has appeared this evening?"

"Ah! it is a grand Mistake parents are making in thus rearing up their children. Both parties in the end have to suffer. The young girl taken from her father's home, where she has been sheltered with such tenderness, and made the mistress of a family without the least knowledge or idea of the duties appertaining to her situation, cannot but blame the parent who neglected to prepare her more fully for the real station she was more likely to be called to, and even if it had been at the expense of the so-called accomplishments that now are, she finds of little or no use to her."

By this time we had arrived at home, and I soon after took leave of my old friend; but his words remained with full force upon my memory, and made me more alive in observing the action of those of my young friends who were styled the "most highly educated.' And candor compels me to say that there are no two among them whom I would wish a daughter of my own to resemble, although most of them are quite proficient in music, drawing, French, and "beautiful worsted work."

☞ Of 100,000 emigrants says the Liverpool Mercury, who lately crossed the Atlantic for America, 6000 perished during their voyage, 4,100 on their arrival, 5,200 were sent to the hospital, and of those who settled in the towns, 1,900 died.

Youth's Department.

JAMES LUMBARD, EDITOR.

THE MOTHER'S GRAVE.

BY SARAH PARKER,

We're kneeling by thy grave, Mother,
The sun has left it now,
And tinges, with its mellow light,
Yon glad hill's verdant brow.
Where happy children sport and laugh,
With whom we used to play,
But we may not mingle with them now,
Since thou wert borne away.

We're driven from our house, Mother,
The home we loved so well,
We wander hungry, houseless oft,
While strangers in it dwell,
And seek our bread from door to door,
Sad, comfortless, and lone;
Ah, Mother, when you went away,
Our happiness was gone.

We passed our cottage door, Mother,
For still we call it ours,
And we lingered by the garden wall,
And saw our own bright flowers,
And peeped into the window, where
The shadow of the blaze
Of hearth-light flickered on the wall—
Ah! so like other days—

And gleamed upon a little child,
With sunny, curling hair,
Who knelt low at her mother's knee,
Beside our old arm-chair;
And as we gazed on her we wept,
For there, at close of day,
'Twas ours to kneel around thee, whilst
Our lips were taught to pray.

We thought upon that time, Mother,
And on thy dying bed,
When we sobbing, knelt around it,
Ere thy stainless spirit fled,
When you told us you must part us now,
For God had will'd it so,
He who can dry the orphan's tear
And calm the orphan's woe.

No glad hearth have we now, Mother,
To kneel at eventide,
No matron's eye beams over us
In tenderness and pride;
But daily at this spot we meet,
Our bitter tears to blend,
And pour out all the grief-fraught heart,
Before the orphan's friend.

Oh! were we by thy side, Mother,
So quiet in the earth,
Reckless of blooming summer-time,
And of the cheerful hearth;
But we shall follow after—ah!
You told us we should go
And meet—oh, joy!—to part no more,
Nor shed one tear of woe.

We're kneeling round thy grave, Mother,
The sun has left it now,
It beams on happy children, as
They sport on yon hill's brow;
There's none to mock the tears which flow
So copious from each eye.
And mingle on this lonely sod,
'Neath which you silent lie.

The London Journal says that the Rev. Alfred Hewlett, of Astley, by way of inducing his congregation to become total abstainers, has promised to marry all of them who practice teetotalism, christen their childaen, and inter their dead, free of all charge. A generous offer.

Original.

THE LITTLE BLIND BOY.

BY JAMES LUMBARD

Charley Maynard was the only child of a poor widow. He was born blind, and had never seen any of the bright and beautiful things with which this region of ours is so richly adorned. He had never witnessed the sun looking forth from the halls of the morning, "rejoicing as a strong man to run a race," nor the queenly moon sailing through the deep blue evening skies; nor the watching stars, that nightly take their station in the spreading vault above, that open their silvery eyes and gaze upon us so sweetly from their far home. God in his wise providence had seen fit to take from him all the brilliant dyes of the fair earth. He had never beheld the countless little blossoms that sprung around his pathway, loading the atmosphere with their delightful fragrance. He could not see them, but it was a joy to smell their perfume. Although he had often listened with the most exquisite delight to hear the melodies of the joyous birds, but it had never been his happiness to witness their brilliant plumage, or behold their leaping from tree to tree, in all their wild, innocent, and irrepressible glee. He had never seen the faces of his most intimate and dearly cherished friends—had never beheld the mild and benevolent countenance of his dear mother, who loved him with a deep and almost idolatrous devotion.

But, although that wise and beneficent being above, had denied his eyes the inestimable boon of sight, and had shut him out from all the beauty and brightness of this world, yet he always appeared to be happy, and even contented with his lot. Although the outward, or physical world was all dark and dreary, yet he possessed a little world within himself, illumined by the radiant smiles of joy and love, which furnished him with all the elements of real and enduring happiness.

He was often observed to be absorbed in deep thought, and then, when in one of his reveries, one could almost think he read in his sweet face the glowing thoughts that thronged through his precious imagination. They were not thoughts of earth and its perishable things, but they were thoughts of that spiritual and eternal world above. Perhaps he fancied himself gathered to the fold of his Heavenly Parent, for who has not often, when sick of

* * "the feverish toil and strife,
And the weary struggle men call life,"

imagined himself an inhabitant of that celestial realm? And may not those who are thrown almost entirely upon their own resources for enjoyment, have sweeter and brighter visions of that clime? May not their "inner sight" have a clearer view of that glorious land of the blest where the pangs of affliction and all the withering evils of this existence can never come, and where gloom and darkness and death can never enter?

It was a lovely morning in midsummer. Every thing was rejoicing in the warm delicious sunshine, But while all without wore the garb of bloom and gladness there were sorrow and weeping in the humble house of the lone widow. Little Charley, the blind boy was very ill. His physical frame had always been of a very delicate texture, and now that the withering hand of disease was laid upon it, no hopes were entertained of his recovery. His friends knew that he was rapidly passing away, and they gathered sorrowfully around his couch, to take the last, long, lingering look, of their little favorite.—His mother hovered above his restless couch, in all the agony of inconsolable grief, for she knew that a little while and the icy-cold hand of death would rudely snatch the very charm of her existence from her side, and leave her to pursue the pilgrimage of life alone and in sadness. A holy calm seemed to pervade the mind of the meek and gentle sufferer, and he looked almost like an angel, too pure and spiritual to dwell in this imperfect world.

"Do not weep for me, when I am gone," he said, tenderly, addressing his agonized parent, "for I shall be happy and glorified then. This world has all been dark and gloomy to me, and I have never seen any of the delightful objects with which it is thronged. But in that upper world, to which I am going, there is no darkness. Oh! what indescribable glory, and immortal beauty will then be revealed to my opened eyes. For they shall be opened then! I shall then walk in the unchanging smile of God, and look upon the fair gardens of the second birth, which the foot of mortality never trod, I shall be where the waters of life flow ever calmly by 'the green pastures and dwellings of gold.' The pure blessed angels are there, bathing in the brightness of the living fount, and pouring forth such music as never greeted the dull cold ear of earth's children.—

I hear the music of those glad harpers now—I see them!—they are coming to bear me to their home!" and clasping his small white hands, and looking up with an angelic smile, his spirit winged its flight to the realms of eternal day!

Oh, it is sad to part with the beautiful and young, to see their bright and eloquent eyes grow dim with the mildew blight of death, and see them borne in all their unfolding loveliness to sleep in the cold and starless grave! But Death, who summons the body to its rest in the sepulchre, has no power over the spirit—*that* is imperishable, and when the fragile form withers beneath his potent touch, it is conveyed to that better land where the eye shall weep no more in sadness, and where sin and sorrow, that so darken our way below, enter not!

Utica, N. Y.

The Well-Regulated Machine.

In one of the large factories at Lowell, there is a machine for the purpose or uniting a number of fine threads into one larger; there are more than a hundred spools from which the threads are winding off upon another spool. One girl tends this machine and it is her business to tie the threads whenever one is broken.

Such is the wonderful mechanism of this instrument, that the instant one of these fine threads is broken, the whole machine is suddenly stopped. It is curious to stand by it, and notice the regular movement as each spool is in motion. and the instantaneous pause when a single thread has snapped. I never saw a machine that seemed so intelligent—so like a living thing. I could not help saying, as I saw it stop, "There, it knows it has done wrong: it will not go on till that error is corrected." The thread tied and the machine started again, it went on as before. Children know that a machine made out of wood and iron, does not understand anything, and does nothing of its own accord, but only performs what it is made to perform. But it seemed to me as if the thing was alive, and had a soul. It seemed to know when a thread broke, and to perceive that its work would be spoiled if it did not stop to have the injury repaired.

Children know another thing; that they are not machines; that they can think and reason, and remember, and wish.—They are not machines, or they could not love or be loved; but I could not help thinking, as I stood there, what a good thing it would be, if every child could act just as this machine did; if every child would instantly stop, as soon as anything wrong had been done, and not do anything else until that was set right. When one who begins to do wrong, goes on in his action, he is only making a bad thing worse.

And then I said to myself, God, who made us, has put within us all something like this, but even still more sensitive than this machine; something that notices when we have done wrong, and calls upon us to stop and repent of the sin before we do anything more. If we do not yield to such a direction of our consciences, the machine seems wiser than we are.

If then, a single thread breaks which binds us to virtue and to God, or which holds us back from sin, let us learn not to keep on and increase the wrong, but stop, and by repentance and a better purpose, *mend the thread*, and prepare to go forward with the blessing of God.—*Youth's Cabinet.*

Never tell a Lie.

How simply and beautifully has Abd-el-Kadir, of Ghilon, impressed us with the love of truth in a story of his childhood. After stating the vision which made him entreat of his mother to go to Bagdad, and devote himself to God, he then proceeds:

I informed her of what I had seen, and she wept, then taking out eighty dinars, she told me I had a brother, half of that was all my inheritance; she made me swear, when she gave it to me, never to tell a lie, and afterwards bade me farewell, exclaiming—"Go, my son, I consign you to God; we shall not meet until the day of judgment."

I went on well, till I came near Hamandnai, when our Kafilah was plundered by sixty horsemen. One fellow asked me "what I had got?" "Forty dinars," said I, "are sewed under my garments." The fellow laughed, thinking, no doubt, I was joking with him. "What have you got?" said another; I gave him the same answer. When they were dividing the spoil, I was called to an eminence where the chief was standing.

"What property have you got, my little fellow?" said he.

"I have told two of your people already," I replied; "I have forty dinars sewed in my garments."

He ordered them to be ripped open and found my money.

"And how came you," said he, in surprise, "to declare so openly what had been so carefully concealed?"

"Because," I replied, "I will not be false to my mother, to whom I have promised *I never will tell a lie.*"

"Child," said the robber, "hast thou such a sense of duty to thy mother at thy years, and I am insensible at my age, of the duty I owe to my God? Give me thy hand, innocent boy," he continued, "that I may swear repentance upon it." He did so. His followers were all alike struck with the scene.

"You have been our leader in guilt," said they to their chief, "be the same in the path to virtue." And they instantly, at his order, made restitution of their spoil, and vowed repentance on his hand.

Secular Department.

One Week Later from Europe.

By the arrival of the Britannia, which sailed from Liverpool on the 22d ult., we have one week's later news.

The news is full of interest. In France, some disturbances had occurred. A correspondent of the Tribune says that at the instance of Louis Blanc and Albert, whose plans were not supported by the other members of the Provisional Government with the anticipated zeal, about 30,000 workmen assembled on Mars' Field with banners, and resolved to carry up a petition to the Provisional Government, calling for the immediate organization of Labor by the association of the laborers with their employers. Against their demonstration in itself, there was nothing at all to be said, but the Provisional Government had a right to reproach its two members for having adopted a mode of carrying their plans into operation, directly opposed to the maintenance of unity in the Government.

This movement of the communists was entirely unsuccessful. At the call of the Provisional Government, 150,000 citizens were armed immediately, and rallied for the defence of law and order. The communists were addressed by Louis Blanc, with great effect. He concluded with these words—"Thanks for your friendship, the most hearty thanks for the proofs of your attachment to the Republic! Call upon your brethren to appear before us, that we may show all of you the evidences of our love and of our hopes!"

At this the workmen joined in the Cry "Long live the Provisional Government!" And as if the whole mass of the people stood in need of some object on which to expend their hate, there burst forth the cry: *A bas les communistes!* Down with BLANQUI! down with CABET! and everything that had lungs joined in the verdict of condemnation passed upon the communists.

The Chartists are still holding their meetings in London, and in the provinces, and are arming in the North of Scotland.

There has been a tremendous excitement in Paris. Not only the people, but the Provisional Government have been in a state of turmoil and trouble.

A regular organization of the Chartist forces has been made in Scotland. A public meeting has been held at Aberdeen, for the purpose of electing a delegate to the National Convention, and measures were adopted for the enrolment of volunteers.

No amelioration has taken place in credit or confidence, throughout Europe.

The *European Times* says that the whole of that part of Europe which skirts the Rhine, and borders on France, seems quite disorgrnized.

Prince Metternich was in London.

Ireland is full of preparations for rebellion. The trial of O'Obrien and Mitchell is still in progress.

Tom Steel attempted to commit suicide on the 19th of April by leaping from Waterloo Bridge, London.

In Scotland there is a great organization of Chartists. They have founded a "National Guard under Arms."

A reform meeting has been held in London. 40 members Parliament participated. Cobden was one. Hume presided.

The Prussion Diet has been dissolved.

Berlin is agitated by the Labor question.

The insurgent Poles have erected entrenchments in Posen, and have an army 10,000 strong, with artillery. The insurrection does not appear serious. The Prussian commanders were disarming the Poles. Another report says that the Poles number 22,000.

All Germany is in a state of anarchy.

In Baden the people have risen against the troops. A formidable revolt has occurred at Hesse Cassel.

There is an incendiary insurrection in the north of Saxony, which the Government have not been able to suppress.

Another battle had taken place in Schleswig, Holstein, and the Germans had slightly the advantage.

In Hungary there is a strong movement to abolish the compulsory celibacy of the Roman Priesthood.

Trade at Viena is entirely destroyed.

There is said to be a strong Austrian party at Vienna, waiting the opportunity to make a counter revolution and bring back the old state of things.

There had been fear of the operatives at Vienna, but the Burgher guard had prevented any demonstration.

The Anstrian Government has ordered the Jesuits to quit Lintz to the satisfaction, even, of the Roman Catholics.

The King of Sardinia attacked Peschiora, a strong town held by the Austrians, on the 13th of April, but did not carry it.

Verona has been taken by the Piedmontese.

The King of Naples has been compelled to issue a Proclamation in favor of Italian independence union.

A revolutionary demonstration has taken place in Egypt. The Pacha promised Reform, and as soon as the people were quieted, hanged the leaders.

Distress In Ireland—Eating of Human Flesh.

The following is an extract of the speech delivered by Mr. Reynolds, in the British House of Commons, April 11th, during the discussion on the bill to punish seditious speaking with transportation for life:

"All the towns of large population in Ireland, were quiet and obedient to the law; and yet, Hon. Members, who knew no more of that country than of New Zealand, said they would vote for the bill because Ireland was disturbed. He denied the allegation as a libel upon his country. Let Hon. Members consider the distress that existed. Let him remind them, that in Ireland, 1,000,000 of human beings had sunk into their graves, from starvation, within 18 months. Let them remember the horrible case, that within a fortnight had been brought before the Galway Assizes, in which a man had been convicted of sheep-stealing, and Mr. Dobbin, a stipendary magistrate, had applied in favor of the prisoner, on account of the extenuating circumstances in his case. One of his children had died of starvation, and the wife of the man had fed upon the flesh of that child before he vioalted the law to procure food. Mr. Dobbin had caused the body to be disinterred, and the limbs were found picked to the bone. In that case the judge shed tears, and the jury shed tears and the man was discharged. That case was an illustration of the widely-spread and terrible distress, under which his countrymen were suffering."

A Free Gospel.

The Louisville Examiner tells a story of a Church member who had always been more remarkable for opening his mouth to say "Amen," than for opening his purse. He had on one occasion taken his usual place near the preachers stand, and was making his responses with great animation, After a busrt of eloquence from the preacher, he clasped his hands in a kind of ecstacy, "Yes, thank God! I have been a Methodist for the last twenty five years, and it has'nt cost me twenty-five cents!" "God bless your stingy soul!" was the preacher's emphatic reply.

The entire Russian Army numbers 831,200—nearly a million fighting men!

Fires in Troy.

The city of Troy has been visited by two destructive fires, one on the 1st and the other on the 2d instant, The loss is estimated at about $110,000. The property destroyed was mostly situated on River and Congress streets, The fire on the second instant, was the work of an incendiary.

Marrying.

Statistics collected in accordance with the recent registration law of this State, relative to births, marriages and deaths, show that October is the greatest month for marrying in the whole year, and that the greatest number unite matrimonially between the ages of twenty and twenty-five. This is all as it should be. Cold winter and old age are terrible to endure alone.

RELIGIOUS NOTICES.

Rev. H. Ballou, D. D., will preach in the Orchard Street Church, on the 2d and 3d Sundays of this month. He will also attend the Conference Meeting on Friday evening.

Br. Rayner will preach at Syoset on Sunday the 21st inst., forenoon and afternoon. Subject in the afternoon, the Richman and Lazarus.

SOUTHERN ASSOCIATION OF CONNECTICUT.

This Association will hold its next annual Session, in Bridgeport, on Wednesday and Thursday, the 17th and 18th of May. Services to commence at 10 o'clock, Wednesday morning.

The several societies entitled to be represented in the council, are requested to appoint their delegates. The clerks of the different societies are requested to forward a report of their condition in conformity to the requirements of the Constitution of the Association.

ISRAEL KELSEY, *Standing Clerk.*

Bridgeport, April 24, 1848.

NOTICE.

The Hartford Association of Universalists will hold its annual Session at North Granby, on Wednesday the 7th day o June, 1848. The Council will meet in the Church at 9 o'clock, A. M. The occasional sermon by Br. J. J. Twiss, will be delivered in the forenoon, and in the afternoon Br. A. L. Loveland will be ordained and installed as Pastor of the Universalist Society in that place. A Church will also be recognized at the close of the Ordaining services. Each society is entitled to send two delegates, and it is hoped there will be a full representation.

At the last session of the Association, the following Resolution was passed:

"*Resolved*, That for the purpose of perfecting the statistics of Universalism, in this Association, the Clerk or Pastor of each Society, is earnestly requested to furnish a detailed statement of the condition of the cause in the town where the same is situated, to the Standing Clerk, who shall present a general report of all such information to this Council, at its next session. Also, that any ministering or lay brother, who may, at any time, possess any information respecting Universalism, in places where there are no organ and societies, is earnestly requested to communicate the same to the Standing Clerk, that he may embody it in his Beport."

Per Order, W. A. STICKNEY, *Standing Clerk.*

☞ The Trumpet will please copy.

MARRIED.

In this city, on Wednesday evening, the 3d inst., by the Rev. R. P. Ambler, Mr. ABRAM WINTERS and Miss MARIA ELIZABETH MOAT.

In the Bleecker st. Church, on Thursday evening, the 4th inst., by the same, Mr. DANIEL P. SMITH and Miss CATHARINE VALLAU.